

The Tragedy of Hamlet

His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,  
He may not as vnualed persons doe,  
Craue for himselfe, for on his choise depends  
The safety and health of this whole state,  
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,  
Wherof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,  
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleue it  
As he in his particular act and place  
May giue his saying deede, which is no further,  
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.  
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,  
If with too credent care you list his songs  
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open,  
To his vnmaistred importunity.  
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,  
And keepe you in the reare of your affection.  
Out of the shot and danger of desire,  
The chariest maide is prodigall enough  
If she vnmaketh her beauty to the Moone  
Virtue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes  
The canker gaules the infant of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclo'd,  
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent,  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,  
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,  
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother  
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,  
Show me the steepe and thorny way to heauen  
Whiles a pust, and reckles libertine,  
Himselfe the primrose path of daliencie treads,  
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,  
I stay too long, but heere my father comes  
A double blessing, is a double grace,  
Occasion smiles vpon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here Laertes? a bord, a bord for shame,

The

Princke of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,  
And you are staied for, there my blessing with thee,  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,  
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,  
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,  
But do not dull thy palme with entertainment  
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware  
Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,  
Bear't that th'opposer may beware of thee.  
Giue every man thy eare, but few thy voyce,  
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement,  
Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy,  
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,  
For the apparrell oft proclaines the man:  
And they in France of the best rancck and station,  
Are of a most select and generous, cheefe in that:  
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,  
For loue oft loses both it selfe, and friend,  
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:  
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day  
Thou canst not then bee false to any man:  
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you, goe, your seruants tend,

Laer. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well

What I haue said to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt

And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell

Exit. Laertes.

Pol. what ist Ophelia hee hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well bethought

Tis told me hee hath very oft of late

Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe

Hauie of your audience beene most free and bountio

If

